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VOL. XIX.

No. III.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum moris gratia nunciet, nonum laudesque YALENSIS  
CANTABUNT SCHOLAE, unanimique PATRES."

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1854.

No. III.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

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W. S. MAPLES,

J. W. HOOKER,  
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G. T. PURNELL.

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**"The Classic and the Romantic."**

THE Drama, in its original principle, comprehends all Art. Whatever may be said of the free inspiration of Nature on an expanding imagination and a devotional heart isolated from social influence, yet we almost invariably find that the first complete effort of imitation, the first full exercise of Art, is embodied in a Dramatic form. Evidence, if evidence be needed, of this fact, is found in the Indian drama, the Sakontala; evidence may also be seen in the rough plays of the North American Indian, who dramatized passion before he could interpret beauty. Whatever of these effects may be attributed to force of original constitution or of necessary habits, does not affect the truth which is their cause. It may be that character, under these circumstances, took a bolder place and had freer scope for development, where every impulse is a motive and every passion is action. But if we look narrowly at the facts, we shall not fail to trace a natural connection between the first step in social progress and the first conception of Art.

Leaving, however, the question of the origin of Art, waiving the inquiry into the comparative claims of the social and the æsthetic elements to precedence, yet urging the truth that in the natural progress of mind passion precedes thought, that social relations generate passion. and

passion demands action; that the first interest in society must depend on the first principles it calls forth and the first interest, whether moral or intellectual, must be the basis of the first form of Art, we have the clue to the native power of the Drama. This power, too, is *progressive*. Not confined to the mere social stage, it takes possession of the mind in its highest forms of refinement. As its fundamental principle is the expression of *relations*; so in all Art, the ideal is not an abstract truth, but an *active, determined relation*. This ideal, whether springing from the native social, or the native religious principle, whether from the intercourse of man with his fellows, or from his relations to God, may be referred to the same source of relation, the common object and the common material of all classes of Art. The Drama, then, as primitive and generic, as accompanying and comprehending all relations, moral or social, *comprehends in original principle, all Art*.

The progress, then, of every kind of Art is referable to the progress of the Drama. Though much in the history of a nation's Art may be due to cultivation, yet, as far as the operation of the principle may be clearly traced, its influence is great. England, France, and Germany, are the highest exemplars of European civilization, and there the Drama has attained its greatest progress. And though an advanced stage of civilization is necessary to the cultivation of the Fine Arts, yet we will find each of these countries inferior in the kindred arts to countries below them in social progress. Italy is superior to England and France in music; to all in sculpture and painting. Wherever civilization shows its most brilliant triumphs, there is found, whether or not accompanied by the "lesser lights," illumining a sky blank from the want of that light which its own excess has blinded, eclipsed at some odd period in its orbit and showing by its absence what its presence awes, or riding amid the shining hosts which its borrowed light and surrounding darkness have brightened,—whether in the day or the night of Art, the Drama is a true index and a source of progress.

Whatever *classification*, then, the Drama will admit, and whatever *rules* it obeys will be the same for every Art. Such is the object of the epithets, "Classic and Romantic." Like many classifications by critics and philosophers, they serve to give a *name* rather than a *cause*. They seem well adapted, however, to give the Drama those distinctions which civilization has stamped on it. "The Classic" calls to mind the elegant refinement of Greek taste, and the sensuous harmony of the Greek mind. "The Romantic" presents at once that confusion of luxury and rudeness, of politics and morals, of ignorance and barbarism, which followed the

decay of the Roman Empire—the fall of old religions and the rise of a new religion with new principles—that memorable era in which, in the language of a great dramatist,

"Un grand destin commence, un grand destin s'achève."

Although, however, our critical analysis may apply to these periods in history, and we must not forget their particular force and design in reference to the Drama. The Greek Drama employed its own resources in acting on its own principles. Naturally following Dramatic Art came Dramatic Science. Following the practice of principles, even then not acknowledged as an invariable standard of authority, came the theory, close in its analysis and despotic in its laws. This succeeded the Golden Age of the Greek Drama, living in the subsequent history of Greek Art to no great extent, now living only in the fame and the philosophy of Aristotle.

It was not surprising that, after, so long a night of society in the Dark Ages, men should awake to admire the past. Art and Literature dead, it was natural that men should find in ancient models what they did not understand and could not imitate. The rules of these models, enforced by an authority supreme in philosophy, naturally commended themselves to those who, knowing no others, did not pause to trace their origin. Hence has sprung that servile submission to the rules of the ancients; and the philosophy of Aristotle which characterized the age of the Revival of Learning. From this blind cultivation of the ancients, to which all Europe was self-condemned, *Spain* was rescued by peculiar agencies. The Spanish Universities retained among their numerous privileges the right of resisting the progress of science and learning, acting on an established principle of their patron religion. Hence we find that *Spain* was free from that zealous cultivation of ancient learning and poetry which became so general in the sixteenth century. Hence, too, the remarkable progress of the ideas of Chivalry in *Spain*, and hence, that peculiar delicacy of honor which has always been remarkable both in her literature and her people. Hence, too, there comes a truth kindred to so many others in the progress of nations, full of hope, that *Spain* was reserved, after losing all that was worth retaining in national greatness, to bequeath to mankind a New Drama as well as a New World.

*Spain* was the first by situation and by nature to reject the old dramatic rules. And hence her Drama matured at a date earlier than even the birth of a Drama in other nations of modern Europe, and since, as a consequence, her Drama became, to some extent, a model of taste as well as

a reservoir of subject, its influence must have been great. The earliest English tragedy has a Spanish subject, and was produced in 1561; in the following year, Lopez de Vega, whose works compose the greater part of the Spanish Drama, died. The first and perhaps the best tragedy of Corneille, was the *Cid*. It is due, in some measure, to Spanish influence, that the English Drama has been comparatively free from the usurped authority of ancient rules, since it is well known that for many years the English Dramatists borrowed much of their material from the Spanish stage. It is to France, however, that we are to look for the narrowest interpretation of these old rules. It was her misfortune to be ruled, during the formation of her Drama, by a splendid monarch surrounded by a splendid court. It was her misfortune that the Academy usurped the place of a central school of criticism. It was, then, the interest of the Dramatist to please the taste of the Academy and the court, sacrificing that of his proper school, the people. We can find no greater difference than this between the Drama of England and that of France.

The Rules to which we refer were early insisted on by French critics and are embodied in a treatise of Aristotle obscure, and, as many believe, spurious—at all events, a fragment. The Rules are those which require the observance of the three Unities of Action, Time and Place.

Aside from the consideration of these rules themselves, it has been satisfactorily shown that the Greek Dramatists did not obey them as an invariable standard of Art. In the nature of their Drama, they had need of few rules, though they were bound by these from the very character of their subjects, the style of their composition, the caste of their characters, and the form of their stage. It remains then, only to consider the value of the Unities as rules.

By Unity of Action is meant nothing more than the progressive development of a character. The hero should be conceived as embodying this character, and forming and executing in the plot by the choice and force of his own will, plans and acts corresponding to the character. There should be, then, no plots within plots independent of the central idea; they should all bear an intimate relation, and contribute their action to the general effect. By action we do not mean the mere execution of deeds, or the mere formation of purposes with acts corresponding, nor is it admissible that the resolutions of the hero should be predetermined independently of his *relations* as a character; but by action, we understand a character perfect in its outline and true to its native powers, yet with purposes and destiny developed by the circum-

stances in which the author places him. In the ancient tragedies, we have two elements in this unity of action, the free-will of the hero, and the will of Fate. Even in plays where the gods are actors, the will of the Three Sisters is paramount—destiny is the prevailing idea in their religion, and to it beauty, sympathy, power, all, must bow. Hence the only hope that cheers the lonely desolation of Prometheus is hope in Fate. The element, then, in the character itself which insured unity of action is free-will. But does Unity of Action require only the accomplishment of a single purpose. Is it not *improbable* that there should be, in a society of varied characters and complex interests, an *isolated* event, one in which many characters are not engaged, and many interests are not affected? The truth is obvious. This then will serve to mark one grand distinction between the Ancient and the Modern Drama; the former, in a simple state of society represented a simple event; the latter, in a complex state of society, represents complex, yet consistent events. In the single play of Hamlet, we have a variety of events; the love and abandonment of Ophelia, the awful apparition, the death of Polonius, the death of the King, and the fight with Laertes; inconsistent, it is true, with this law of unity, but possessing in itself a higher, more comprehensive, universal unity of character and interest.

The Unity of Time strictly interpreted, requires that the event selected for representation shall occupy a certain space of time, suited by its length to the probability of representation on the stage. Aristotle gives twenty-four hours as the duration of the event, while Corneille extended it to thirty hours. The ground of the rule being probability, we see rather a subtle distinction between twenty-four and thirty hours as the prescribed duration of an event. Besides, in giving the rule a greater latitude, it ceases to be a rule, except it be shown that this latitude may not be still further extended. The Romantic Drama, then, will have a right as far as probability or the force of the rule is concerned, to compress an age into a Drama of five acts. Calderon may represent the conversion of Peru to Christianity, Shakespeare the life of Macbeth. It is this very capacity for compression of time and energy of interest, that the Romantic dramatist most industriously cultivates, and this contributes most to his aim, *popularity*. There is no danger that the judicious author will be led into any ridiculous violation of probability by an extension of this rule, however great. He will not allow the time which elapses between the different Acts, to be so long as to work material changes in the actors, or to include a change in national fashions or customs.



The Unity of Place is not mentioned at all by the Stagyrte, and has been insisted on only by French critics. It was a general *practice* of the Greek stage, but was a necessary practice, not an established *rule*. The stage of the Greeks was never vacated. Hence they had no real division of plays into Acts, but the intervals were occupied by the moral reflections of the Chorus designed to deepen the impression of the Act, or to prepare the imagination of the hearer for the sequel. It would have been a palpable violation of probability, if the poet should change his scene while the Chorus was present, and yet there are instances in which even this was done. The rule itself evidently arose from this peculiarity in the stage. Its operation, when applied to the form of the stage and the presence of the Chorus, might have been easy to a Greek author and agreeable to a Greek audience, but applied to the modern stage and the modern author, would be supremely ridiculous. This will be abundantly illustrated by noting the numerous inconsistencies and the variety of incongruous events that occur in the palace of Cato, at Utica. They need no exposition. The *object* of the rule is probability, but this probability is founded on the supposed illusion produced by the Drama. The Greek audience seated at a great distance from the stage, and the actors masked in order to represent *perfectly* their respective characters, the illusion may have been to the excitable fancy of the Greeks, far greater than with us it can ever be. Indeed, illusion would not be desirable, even if it could be secured. There is no pleasure in real horror, real ruin, real death, no pleasure in any of the primary passions or acts of tragedy, if real. There may be those who, like the simple countryman of Fielding, may tremble with an emotion which they know to be artificially excited, who may imitate the shaking knees, and feel the instinctive dread of other Hamlets than Partridge's inimitable Garrick, and yet they will never spend a moment in convincing themselves that the scene is merely *represented*. The ground of the rule, then, too narrow for dramatic propriety, considered universally, or even generally, *the rule itself is therefore useless*.

The authority of the Unities, however, will be gradually undermined by the liberalizing influences of progressing criticism. Even in France, though they occupied the highest position in the critical code of the Academy and the Court, yet they never took deep and permanent hold on the taste of the *people*. It has become, too, a maxim among critics in the Drama, at least, if not in all works whose aim is the portraiture of manners, passions, and the principles of human character, that whatever is popular is good. It only remains, then, for the critic to supply that

discrimination which the people need. With the *progress of criticism*, then, all blind worship of old Genius, because it is old, and all blind adherence to old rules on the simple ground of authority, must be entirely removed from the pathway of Art and the Artist.

Besides the consideration of dramatic rules, our subject suggests other topics, such as the contrasted influence of the Pagan and the Christian religion on the nature and history of the Classic and Romantic Dramas, respectively, and the contrasted influence of the two different forms of civilization. But a full consideration of these subjects, though growing immediately out of our theme, would extend this article far beyond its proper length. These divisions of the subject will be interesting at some more favorable opportunity. Meanwhile, though silent on those parts of our subject, which are by far the most interesting, we take refuge in the license universally accorded to the Magazine, and the Magazine-writer. "The Magazine is a delightful invention for a very idle or a very busy man. He is not compelled to complete his plan, or to adhere to his subject. He may ramble as far as he is inclined, and stop as soon as he is tired. No one takes the trouble to recollect his contradictory opinions, or his unredeemed pledges. He may be as superficial, as inconsistent, and as careless as he chooses. Magazines resemble those little angels, who, according to the pretty Rabinical tradition, are generated every morning by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise—whose life is a song—who warble till sunset, and then sink back without regret into nothingness. Such spirits have nothing to do with the detecting spear of Ithuriel, or the victorious sword of Michael. It is enough for them to please and be forgotten."

W. S. M.

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### Romance—A Fragment.

IN some far sea beneath a dreamy sky,  
The fabled Isle of Old Romance doth lie.  
O'er its calm groves and sleeping castles plays  
The drowsy air of Indian Summer days;  
And mystic streams melodiously glide,  
Old classic hills and ivied walls beside.  
The lost and lovely bard has ever sung,  
There live in loveliness forever young:

The singing waves toss music on its shores,  
 Where mellowed light its chastened radiance pours,  
 Soft'ning all sight with that deep nameless cast,  
 Which hallows all the Absent and the Past.  
 No mortal eye hath seen this charmed Isle,  
 Where sun and skies and seasons ever smile;  
 No mortal ear drunk in the mystic strains  
 That float harmonious o'er its waving plains,  
 But unseen messengers on silent wing  
 To list'ning ears, their tales enchanted bring;  
 The One her feeble pinions gently dips  
 In the light foam that tracks Historic ships,  
 Which grandly sweeping down the Sea of Time,  
 Have caught some echoes from that fabled chime—  
 From these Gay Fancy fashions at command,  
 Her tales of Olden Time and Fairy Land.

Her "elder sister," plumed for loftier flight,  
 Herself would woo this Island of Delight,  
 Fly far beyond where Fancy ever roves,  
 To quaff the nectar of its dewey groves;  
 Dream on that beach where dim traditions throng,  
 Seek grottoed caves and ruins gray in song;  
 Each storied mount, and legend haunted glen,  
 Where gods together walk with mortal men,  
 Or far above the starry portals soar,  
 On some rapt bard the light of Heaven to pour.

These twin-born messengers of Royal Thought,  
 His kingliest gems from yon far Isle have brought—  
 Nor yet alone their flashing wreath they bind  
 Around the Crowns and "Coronets of mind;"  
 They charm and cheer the lonely and distressed,  
 And wake new life in many a drooping breast:  
 Such watching whispers to young ears they bear  
 The Future glows with "Castles in the air."

Young Thoughts building,  
 Bright Hopes guilding,  
 Fairy mansions rich and rare!  
 What can life so gorgeous offer,  
 What the wealth of Indus proffer,  
 That in Glory can compare  
 With those scaffoldings of Fancy—  
 Childhood's Castles in the air!

Ever in the wistful seeming  
 Of the pensive maiden's dreaming,  
     Some fair Youth in golden hair,  
 Treads with her the magic palace,  
 Draining Pleasure's lustrous chalice;  
     All so bright and debonair—  
 Alas! that all her shining visions  
     Are but Castles in the air!

Eagerly the boy-chief gazes,  
 As his young ambition raises  
     Tower and turret firm and fair;  
 And he walks at once as kingly,  
 As though he alone and singly,  
     All its fancied foes would dare;  
 Never to behold the Real, of the fleeting frail Ideal  
     Of his Castles in the air.

Not alone to Youth the vision  
 Of these Palaces Elysian;  
     In them, *all* at times must share,  
 And will still be ever rearing—  
 Though perchance with more of fearing—  
     In this world of Toil and Care,  
 What our sober reason tells us  
     Are but Castles in the air.

Oh! Joy of Life and life of mortal joys,  
 Which 'mid all wrecks the sinking spirit buoys,  
 That thus Lethean we can ever trance  
 Our weary souls in slumbers of Romance.

B.

### Alumni Hall.

THE recent completion of the building designed for the use of our two large societies, and its prospective occupation, is the only excuse which we deem necessary for inflicting upon our readers a brief description, in the architectural way. The intrinsic value of our societies at Yale, and the goodly portion of student affection which they elicit, will give, we know, an interest which, with a worse text, we might despair of exciting.

Alumni Hall stands upon the northwest corner of the College  
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grounds, in a direct line northward from the Library, and west of Divinity College, with the left wing and rear looking on Elm and High streets, and, consequently, with its main front looking eastward, and into the quadrangle partially formed by the older buildings of the University.

It is built of Portland freestone, in the castellated Gothic style. The length of the building is one hundred feet; its depth, exclusive of projections, fifty-two feet; and its height, to the top of the corner parapets, fifty feet. Thirty feet from either end of the front two hexagonal towers, each fifteen feet in diameter, projecting the same distance from the main wall, and carried up to a height of sixty feet, support between a heavy arch overshadowing a deep galilee, or porch, through which is the main entrance. Three windows are seen from the front; one in either wing thirty-two feet in height by nine feet in width, heavily mullioned and transomed, and a third above the portal, of same width, but of less height, is surmounted in turn by a circular window near the top of the building. The north and south ends have each two large windows of the same size as those mentioned above, with an intervening space of only five feet. In the rear, a projection of forty feet in length and fifteen in depth takes the place of the towers seen in front. In the centre of this western projection is a large window of nine feet in width and about thirty-five feet in height; and in either wing are windows corresponding to those in front, already mentioned.

As regards the interior, beginning at the foundation and ascending upward, we have first a cellar (excavated six feet below the surface) nine feet in height, designed to contain the fuel and furnaces for warming the rooms above; by means of hot air flues carried up in the inner wall of the western projection, ventilation being afforded by ventilating flues in the corner walls of the edifice. Brick piers, resting on stone, support the first floor, which is reached by means of steps under the western projection.

Entering through the main portal between the two towers, or by a door in the south end of the western projection, the Alumni Hall, occupying the whole of the first floor, is reached. This is ninety-eight feet in length, forty-six in breadth, and twenty-four in height, with a ceiling deeply paneled by the three feet trusses and heavy beams supporting the second floor. It has been proposed to adorn these compartments, twenty-four in number, with the initials of presidents, professors, and distinguished alumni of the college, surrounded by wreaths of oak, with leaves of the same in the intersections of the angles. Four pilasters, two

on either side, afford the only support to the upper floor, given within the walls. These pilasters are ornamented with shields, which may be inscribed with suitable mottoes. A small gallery in the rear projection overlooks the hall, behind which is seen the great window of the west. This room is to be used for the meetings of the Alumni, and other collegiate gatherings, among which may be enumerated our Biennial Examinations, as the two essential conditions of the *tabula novæ* are isolation and observation, here easily fulfilled.

The ascents to the upper rooms are three: one in each of the towers in front, which are continued to the roof, with landings opposite the doors of the respective halls, and one in the south end of the western projection.

The second story is divided into three rooms by deafened partitions, placed over the pilasters of the lower hall, and concealing iron rods, which extend to the frame-work of the roof and complete the support of the second floor. The rooms in the north and south wings are each forty-six feet eight inches by thirty-five feet four inches, and nineteen feet in height, finished exactly alike, with wainscoting and doors grained in imitation of old oak, and suitably provided with ventilators, registers, and gas. The northern room has by lot been assigned to the Linonian Society, and the southern to the Brothers in Unity. It was at one time proposed, and, it is much to be wished, may yet be determined upon, to furnish the halls exactly alike, and turn all future competition to the more profitable account of enlarging libraries and improving society organization. Between these halls is a third of the same length, and twenty-six feet in width, with vaulted roof, showing ribs finished with corbels. This was to have been occupied by the Calliopean Society, but since its dissolution remains undisposed of. The two towers furnish separate staircases for the two societies, and permit entire isolation; but free communication may at any time be had through doors and lobbies in the rear.

As some details of the work may be interesting, we subjoin a few. The foundation walls are four feet thick at bottom, diminishing at three feet above the surface to three feet in width. The walls of the first story are thirty-four inches in thickness; those of the second, twenty. Truss rock has been used in building the foundation, and the copings of the battlements, as well as the towers, are of wood, painted and sanded in imitation of sandstone. Brick, too, has been used in some of the inner portions of the walls; but, with these few exceptions, sandstone, rough-dressed, is the prevailing material. The windows are each nine feet in

width by thirty-two feet nine inches in height, with two mullions twelve inches in breadth, and five transoms of six inches each; giving eighteen compartments of five feet in length and two feet width. Nine of these compartments light the lower hall: three at the intersection of the second floor are closed and ornamented with shields, and six light the upper story. The panes are rhomboids nineteen inches by eleven, six in each compartment. The unusual size of the windows, whilst, on account of the heavy mullions and transoms, it detracts nothing from that massive effect, so essential to this style of architecture, affords abundant light in all parts of the building. The entire cost has been not far from \$25,000.

As a whole, and in its details, the new building may well be a matter of pride to the College, and especially so to those who, having exerted themselves in behalf of the societies, now see them at last provided with permanent places of meeting on College ground. It may be liable to criticisms. It is not free, as its pine battlements and copings attest, from the spirit of sham and incompleteness which marks nearly every building in America; but it is a stout structure, nevertheless; and we may be pardoned in indulging the hope that, when in future "sixty-eight's and fifty-three's" future generations shall celebrate the natal day of each ancient fraternity, the Alumni Hall, then old and gray, may still be the loved gathering-place of the present, and a perpetual memorial of society enterprise and energy in the good old days of 1854. W. C. F.

### ~~~~~

### Midnight Musings amid Musty Mummies.

\* \* \* \* \*

I stood among the relics of a by-gone age, and gazed as much in sadness as in wonder at the mouldering fragments and uncoffined secrets of the mighty dead. For, in visiting the fine collection of Antiquities gathered in Egypt, by the care of Abbot, I was carried back, unconsciously, to the days of that enlightened and mysterious people. Here lay the war-worn helmet of the conquering Shishak, and there the signet-ring of Cheops, prescient with the fate of thousands; in yonder case gleamed in dull lustre the same necklace which had graced the throat of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, while close guarding it the grim mummy of a

Priest, glared hideously upon me; all around were strewn the curious ornament and carvings which had once adorned their temples,—the strange embroidered and painted products of their loom;—triumphs of art, and things of reverence.

The mummied forms around me seemed more ghastly in the glimmering twilight, and with glassy eyes to chide me in reproachful sadness for this mockery of their ruin.

More than three thousand years had passed since they had been consigned to the embalmer's care,—thirty dread centuries, pregnant with change and fertile with the destinies of nations, had swiftly glided by, crushing the pride of Empires, and crumbling into dust their mighty monuments. Egypt, their much-loved,—mighty Egypt, was no more,—and her vast works served as themes of wonder to the curious of nations, at her time unborn,—her massive temples buried, her fear inspiring Gods, the gazing-stock of rude barbarians and scoffing strangers;—they, her mightiest nobles, and high-priests, torn from their ruined sepulchres and carried by the hand of strangers to an unknown land,—stood exiles in the centre of a mighty city—the pride and glory of a mighty people. Around them lay the relics of their greatness—the fragments of an unwrapped age; before them lay the sacred form of their loved Deity, worshiped no longer, but despised, and valued only for its undue age, as a connecting link with an almost unknown generation.

“A fine field for archæologists!”

I turned instantly to view the speaker; his bent, attenuated figure, and marked, intellectual countenance, portrayed the man of thought and study, a certain wildness gleaming in the eye—mental enthusiasm. The well-brushed, thread-bare clothing and coarse linen, spoke of poverty; yet the gold spectacles, white hand, and something indefinable in carriage, gave undoubted evidence of days more fortunate.

“A fine field for archæologists!”—he again repeated.

“Yes,” I replied, “one affording intense interest and pleasure to those appreciating links familiarizing all with the existence of an age so interesting, though so little known.”

“What a world of light could yonder mummy cast on our investigations, could he open those dried lips of his, in revelations of the past, though but a single hour? I have often gazed upon them, pondering thus, until I almost fancied that I saw them move, and heard the low, mysterious whispers of the fearful dead!” \* \* \* \*

I was alone! Thick, shadowy mists, seemed gathering their folds around me: confused murmurs, and low, sullen moanings, rose in air;



the suggestive language of my late companion rang with thrilling clearness through my ear; dread, shapeless forms, flitted before me, casting by their presence gloom and dread solemnity upon my soul!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Twelve o'clock!" thundered the deep tones of an Egyptian warrior, as the last stroke of the bell died mournfully away, its echoes quivering through the sullen shadows of the dim hall—fearful with grotesque shapes and fancies—while, as he spoke, with a loud crash he burst the ponderous casing which enclosed him, and stepped forth, haggard and ghastly, in the flickering beams of moonlight. "Aye! twelve Shardeesis!" cried a voice musically sweet, and parting with a gentle violence the folds of gilded linen which enswathed her. Hanakopha, daughter of the great King Thmothes, glided towards him. "Twelve! is 't twelve!" murmured the priest Amunoph. "Twelve! Guardian of Erment!" answered Athronopha, Ruler of Phath, and Keeper of the Sandal, as the rich painted casing, slowly unfolding, showed behind its gaudy tinsel and high coloring, the wrinkled, care-worn visage of the proud Egyptian noble.

"Twelve!" "Twelve!" chimed in, in quick succession, two shrill voices—those of the court-dwarf Athor, and child-prince Bubastes, as springing up—joining, they completed the strange group, assembled round the ghostly form of Apis, hideous in many folds of linen, quaint in their gildings, and their mouldering bands.

Thicker grow the mists! blacker! heavier! until like a waving pall they part, and in the open vista rise new shapes and fancies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through yon maze of granite columns and colossal statues, winds a slow procession; clashing cymbals, trampling hoofs, and the sullen rumble of war-chariots proclaim it a triumphal march. Proud warriors are passing, fierce eyes flashing, fearless souls exulting, as the high enthusiasm of the moment is excited by the plaudits and wild chants of the frenzied priesthood. List to the murmuring admiration of the crowd, lost now in tremulous confusion and now rising in triumphal pæans, till the very arch of Heaven seems to quiver and reply in sympathy. Erect in yonder chariot, gorgeous in its bronze paneling and gilded fastenings, its purple canopy and ivory ornaments, guiding with firm hand the champing war-steeds, while he checks their ardor, stands the conquering leader, the proud victor—*Shardeesis*, the famed warrior!—bravest of the brave! Now is the hour of triumph; but ere long shall come the hour of death! Now the bright day; but ere long the evening shades!

\* \* \* \* \*

Through a low casement which overlooked the royal gardens, gilding the summit of the distant Pyramids, and dancing in glad light on granite column and carved symbol, shone the sun. But the apartment needed not its light; gold and silver lamps gave forth their radiance, and diffused a fragrance from their perfumed oils; embroidered linens hung in graceful folds on the rich painted walls; couches and tables of dark wood, inlaid with ivory and pearl; hieroglyphic paintings, curiously carved vases, and bronzed images adorned the room.

The soft strains of the timbrel, flute, and harp mingled their melodies through the agency of unseen hands; finely flavored wines in porcelain goblets, and rich food and fruit on golden service, graced the table. Amid this luxury and magnificence reclined upon a couch the *Princess*. A jeweled girdle clasped her fine linen robes; precious stones glittered on her fingers, and, amid the jet-black braids of glossy hair, a priceless amulet rested on her bosom, rising and falling as an index of her hopes and fears. Fair girls, in gold embroidered tunics, their tresses crowned with garlands, and wrists hung with silvery bells, move lightly in attendance, keeping time, with graceful motion and low voices, to the distant music.

Fades the fair vision into darkness, and, amid its gloomy shadows, rise the spectral outlines of a tomb! Proud Egyptian, reveling in the pomp of pride and wealth, its dark portals end thy day-dream! Its drear confines hold the frail, earth-born casket of thy soul! Swiftly flies Life's shuttle, weaving busily the pall of Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great Osiris, fear-inspiring,  
Iron-breasted, mystic God!  
Lo! thy children, thee desiring,  
Kneel, and tremble at thy nod.  
Hear, Osiris!—  
Apis, hear!  
Hark! the pealing thunder crashes—  
See, the lurid lightning flashes!  
Lo!—He comes—the God!—the God!  
Widely waves His conquering rod!  
Trouble ceasing—  
Joy increasing—  
Sound the anthem!—swell the chorus!  
Hail, Osiris!—  
Apis, hail!

The thrilling chant died echoing away—the smoking incense rolled in misty waves, veiling the uncouth carving, where it wreathed around the

giant columns—priests swung their fragrant censers, gliding with noiseless step among the prostrate people. Far amid the shadows rose the Temple in its vast proportions, awe-inspiring with its emblematic and mysterious symbols. Thickly twined around strange forms, crept the lotus; peering from beneath some hideous combination of glares, the sun's disc with its serpent wings. Fearful shadows! dusky phantoms!—in thy unreality more dread. Hark! for the deep silence now is broken by the voice of one in solemn admonition. Proud he stands before the sacrificial altar, curled his haughty lip, scorn in his pallid features, as he scans the superstitious multitude. *Amunoph*, thou false priest!—self-deceiving leader!—though infatuated bigots trust thee, and thy power is great—thou, too, must enter the drear wilderness of death!—thou, too, mourn o'er ruined hopes!

\* \* \* \* \*

Still another vision, and the triumphs of the *warrior* and *priest* are forgotten in the splendor of the royal court.

In an area, girt by massive walls, roofed by the azure canopy of heaven, sit the councilors of Egypt. 'Tis the hour of audience, and her mightiest sons assemble in the kingly presence. Giant monsters guard and decorate the open porch; variously colored marbles coat the ponderous sides; hieroglyphic sculptures of red granite perpetuate the fame of former kings, and tell the glory of the present. On yon side, where the facade rises in majestic splendor, with quaint ornament and bold carving, sits enthroned the mighty monarch of the land. Proud kings hold the golden canopy above his head; chosen warriors gird the royal presence; priests and statesmen bow the head in silence.

List! for from distant multitudes rises a faint hum of admiration, swelling louder, and still louder, till it rings forth in a joyous peal of praise, "Live the noble Ruler!—Live Anthronopha!" And, behold, he comes—the favorite and the wisest of Egyptian nobles. Nubian slaves bear on a crimson cushion the gold sandal, the insignia of his power; richly clothed attendants follow in a glittering train; thronging parasites enhance eagerly his glory. Now ambition triumphs.

Revel in thy fevered dreams, O, mortal! Gaze on visionary bubbles, gleaming in their gilded, rainbow splendor, till, as time rolls on, bursting, they vanish with thy hopes and leave thee withering despair!

\* \* \* \* \*

Darkness again shades the vision—hiding all things in its gloomy mantle. From the black mist breaks a solemn warning: *Thou hast*

*seen removed the veil o'ershadowing the features of the Past ; remember that it is in some degree the mirror of the Future : let not present greatness lead thee to unseemly pride !*

W. H. T.

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## The Influence of War on Human Progress.

HUMAN progress is a condition of human nature. An age of the world, which should leave upon the record of its history no indication of any improved condition, would be an unnatural age. This progress of mankind results from no single cause, which exists alike in every period, and which may be pointed to as its grand motor ; it is rather the production of all causes ; it is the mighty current to which all human actions, and all the accidents of our existence, are tributary.

The connection between the cause and the effect is here, as elsewhere, not always an apparent connection. It is only by profound reflection and earnest study, that the historian is enabled to trace, in the revealed twilight of the past, the germ of light, which has developed into the fuller refulgence of the present. Often he encounters facts which, at first sight, seem obstacles to this development ; but, on closer analysis, he finds, for every such fact, its proper relative place in that long line of causes which connects the past with the present.

Prominent among facts of this class is *war*. The truth-seeker, as he stations himself in the back-ground of centuries, and looks out upon the great facts of each, sees many battle-fields scattered everywhere over the earth. He finds that war has been an ever-present reality among men. He is unwilling to believe, that an instrumentality so mighty in itself, has been forever militating against that progress, which meanwhile has steadily advanced. He looks in vain, however, for the advantages of war, to its immediate and cotemporary influence. Every victory implies also a defeat. The advantages of the one are balanced by the evils of the other. The shrewdest philosophy finds itself at fault, where it would defend war, on the principle of immediate good.

But there exists in the economy of the world a *remunerative* principle which is never idle. This principle was recognized by the ancients, and formed the basis of a doctrine called *compensation*. They ascribed to its influence the keener hearing and the refined touch of the blind ; the

augmented strength of an eye whose fellow is destroyed; the increased power of an arm when the other has been amputated.

A principle somewhat similar to this seems to influence the affairs and fortunes of men and nations; and to make subservient to the cause of human progress actions and accidents, whose *apparent* tendency is a far different one. We sometimes see a whole nation bowed down at the loss of some great pillar of her existence—of a statesman, it may be, in whom has been centered much of the reliance, and many of the hopes, of his country. Men die, but principles live. When the statesman is in a great measure forgotten, the state finds the compensation for his loss in the posthumous power of his influence; in the respect which men show for the measures which he advocated; in the final adoption of that line of policy, which, while he lived, his enemies opposed.

It is to this *remunerative* principle that the true value of war must be ascribed. Like the lightning and the tempest, which purify while they destroy, war is often made the promoting cause of some great reform—the instrument of some mighty moral or political advancement.

As the promoter of *moral* progress, war generates high national character. Long continued peace is unfavorable to strong, positive morality in a nation, as constant prosperity is adverse to individual rectitude. It might exhibit growing wealth, undisturbed tranquillity, and material health; but it would cherish also the most dangerous passions of the human breast. Pleasure, and interest, and cupidity would erect their shrines, and corrupt their respective votaries; moral and physical effeminacy would characterize its duration. The English character, which is the symbol everywhere of graceful proportion and highest strength, received its form and mould from the wars which, for five long centuries, drenched England in blood. Apparently a destroyer alone, war proved itself a reformer also. It awakened from the slumber of ages the patriotic and unselfish affections of the people; it called into action their high and heroic feelings; it evoked a spirit of self-sacrifice, and purified the national heart by national suffering.

All war is a *contest of ideas*. Victory establishes the one, and destroys the other, or so fuses the two together as to produce a new resultant system. Thus, the different civilizations, which mark the history of human progress, are each the result of one idea, triumphant over another. War is the condition in which these hostile ideas have met and struggled—the contest in which contending armies have unwittingly become the instruments of great moral reforms. Marathon gave birth to the first epoch of progress, when it supplanted Oriental effeminacy by

Grecian energy. Race absorbed race. The weaker either lost all individuality, in the impression of a foreign element, or, incapable of taking in higher elements, dwindled away and was forgotten. The force, too, which brought the Grecian and the Roman character into contrast, and, by supplanting the one for the other, marked the second era of civilization, was war. The world again changed hands, as it were, not by the slow process of successive changes, but by the spasmodic influence of actual conflict. Race was again merged in race. The Grecian became an element of the Roman mind. The genius and poetry of the one was brought into union with the strong practical sense of the other; the one contributed beauty, the other power, to a new national character superior, in its qualities, to either of its components.

But human progress was soon to receive a new impetus. The Teutonic nation—the regenerating element of the modern world—was the motor of an era in civilization, of which the present is a part. The man who, of all others, has embodied the spirit of this era, was William the Conqueror. Immoral in character himself, he still stands out in history as a great moral reformer. *His* history, indeed, is written in the English character, in its refinement, its practical grandeur, and its world-wide influence.

War is the condition under which all these successive eras have transpired. It is the force which has given vitality and power to the new ideas of successive centuries. In a majority of the changes which war has thus wrought, in the moral aspect of the world, we can detect a constant progress of the Right—a final victory of Truth.

War is a *political* reformer also. When thus applied, its tendency is to establish *truth in government*. Error in government is the oldest of all errors. To reform this, some mighty power is needed, which may reverse the machinery of habit, and illustrate the value of new theories. This power is physical force, one of the mainsprings of the world. Thought supplies ideas, force applies them. The world is full of examples of force applied to uphold error; the political reformer need not weaken this force, but must transpose it. The instruments of oppression must be made the means of resistance.

Men long for freedom, as for immortality—instinctively; but with the mass of men, this wish suggests no idea of action. It is rather their day-dream, crude, fanciful, transient in effect, though constant in recurrence. Government is the object of their awe—not their love. It bears heavily upon them, but the power of habit, and the prolific conservatism of character, which they inherit, has made them patient of misrule.

The Reformer *acts*. He strips from the dream the vanity of fancy and gives it the reality of fact. Reform gives to ideal aspirations a tangible shape, and like the pencil of the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor, embodies vague conceptions. It points men to force as their resort, and changes the general wish into the general hope. Then come revolutions, in which force meets force. The ideas which are thus brought to conflict, are, on the one hand, truth in government, on the other, error. The truth may triumph, or it may not, for the movement for reform may be premature, or ill-concerted. In either case error is doomed, and the cause of truth strengthened.

But war has a *conservative*, as well as a constructive value. In this capacity, its office is to preserve a just balance between governments. The state, like the individual, has a double life; the one the outward, the other the inward life; the one seen in its dealings with other states, the other in its dealings with itself. The two great regulating powers of this outward life, are, diplomacy and war. By the one or the other of these, every state must preserve its proper relative position among the nations of the earth—must maintain that *equilibrium* which is the law of national existence. Occasionally a spirit of aggression or a love of power begets error of equilibrium. The graceful drapery in which diplomacy arrays herself, fails to conceal the overreaching purpose of the one party, or the consequent indignation of the other. War, under such circumstances, is a struggle for principle, and every earnest defense of principle strengthens it.

The history of diplomacy is much shorter than that of war. A few great thoughts have made it the medium of utterance, and a few great achievements mark its influence. But the mass of men look to it rather as the high ground of national etiquette, than the every-day resource of an injured state. War is *action*, and action is intelligible to every one. The qualities displayed in it are those which, by an irresistible instinct, we are most led to admire. History has recorded the wars of every period with the utmost care. The historian finds them the turning points of human progress, and is forced to recognize their influence in every great political change which the world has witnessed.

To properly estimate any important fact, we must consider it in its relation to other facts, and to the ultimate result of their united influence. Cotemporary judgment, whether of men or of things, is often illiberal and unjust. Joan of Arc was regarded by the Englishmen of the fifteenth century, as little better than an incarnate evil spirit; now she is remembered as a heroine alone. Time gives to many things an acci-

dental value; to others it gives their only true worth. Especially is this the case with the facts of history, and our judgment of them must have reference to their prospective, rather than their immediate results. The economy of the world is not so ordered, that we can estimate the value of influences which affect the destinies of mankind at large, from their apparent tendency alone.

The historian must be the *philosopher* also. He must possess not only a profound, accurate, and extensive knowledge of facts, but he must be able to detect the mutual relations of these facts. He must have a deep and penetrating knowledge of the human heart. He must be able to distinguish between motives and their results—means, and their ends. He must have a glowing appreciation, and hearty sympathy for greatness; a keen perception of the subtle influence of mind upon mind, of fact upon fact. He must be able to follow the process by which national character has been formed and new governments established. He must, as it were, acclimate himself to the changing atmosphere of successive ages, and fearlessly ferret out the facts of each. He must possess an intelligence broad enough, and a purpose honest enough, to realize the truth, that permanent good may more than compensate for transient evil. Thus only can be comprehended the true value of war, and history fulfill its high office of “philosophy teaching by example.” S. T. W.

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### College Conservatism.

WEBSTER defines conservatism as “the desire and effort of preserving what is established.” There exists in every human breast a veneration for the antique. We shrink from destroying that which is ancient; a feeling of respect and awe forbids us rashly to lift our hand against the work of other ages. This we take to be the leading moral element in conservatism. Of course, where antiquities abound a conservative spirit should naturally pervade the people. Now, where are America’s antiquities? Greece has her ruined Athens, Italy her Rome, Egypt her Thebes and Memphis. There is nothing to be dreaded from radicalism in such countries as these. The danger is that a spirit of sluggish apathy should prevail; that the people, looking ever backwards at the glorious past, should forget the active present and the untried future. France has her ancient cities, her famous battle-grounds; Germany her staunch



old burghs and castled ruins; England her glorious history, her fertile stores of rich traditionary lore—her time-honored holidays, sports, and customs. But where are America's antiquities? Where those nuclei about which fond and holy memories cluster—those stand-points upon which pure conservatism may find a firmer foot-hold? She has, in the South and West, ruined cities, even in decay stupendous and magnificent; but their builders passed away so long ago that the voice of tradition itself is hushed concerning them. She has her broad prairies—her grand old mountains, standing now in as beautiful sublimity as when the waters of the flood rolled back—her primitive forests, more ancient than aught the old world can show; but the race that peopled them have passed away like their own brown autumn foliage. She has her memories of maternal England; but years of oppression and bitter strife have severed the ties that bound her, and, at best, the broad Atlantic rolls between. She has her battle-grounds and spots hallowed by patriotic blood and suffering; but the sod is scarcely green upon their graves who fought the Revolution, and scarce four score years have elapsed since she became a nation. The supports of conservatism are indeed few, and, on the other hand, the encouragements to radicalism are numerous. Where, then, must America look for her conservatism? Where expect those champions who are to defend it against a host of adverse influences? The only two powers in this country that can be brought to oppose the all-pervading spirit of self-aggrandizement—the overgrown love of political station and wealth—are religion and literature. But religion is not, in the words of another, "*actually* what it is *potentially*." It is itself in danger from this same spirit of radicalism, as its past history abundantly shows. She must look to her literary men; but we have among us no "*learned order*"—no caste, distinct from every other class, and devoted to the pursuits of literature, science, and philosophy. It is impossible, at least, it seems impossible, with our present economical system of government, that such a class should exist. Our College graduates, who are yearly entering into all ranks, pursuits, and avocations of life, must supply its place. Let us examine, then, the tendency of a College education with regard to this matter.

In the first place, it is vastly easier, in the case of governmental institutions, as well as in every other, to discern faults than excellences. A higher order of intellect is required to perceive the good than the evil. Stand in a picture-gallery before some magnificent production of art, embodying, amid a thousand beauties, a single defect, and note the countenances and remarks of casual observers. The ignorant, the dull, even

children, will perceive and criticise the error. Those who cannot, perchance, tell exactly where the fault lies, will still observe a something wrong. But let an artist look at the picture. His experienced eye, it is true, at a glance catches the fault, and separates it, as it were, from its general design; but he perceives also a hundred points of artistic beauty and perfection. He forgives the single defect because he is lost in admiration of a crowd of excellences, which had escaped the vulgar gaze. Just so it is in regard to governments; the work of human hands, they must ever be imperfect. Their imperfections stand out clearly and distinctly. They are dwelt upon, reiterated, and magnified, till the excited public mind forgets a thousand beauties, in morbid contemplation of a single defect, and, in eagerness to destroy the tares, the wheat is too frequently rooted up also. But the student has disciplined his powers of observation—has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and learned to discern good and evil. The history of the world has been spread out, as a map, for his inspection, and if, as says the poet,

“’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,”

how priceless must be his wisdom who has held converse with past ages. There seems to be a sort of *fatalism* creeping into American popular feeling. There is a cry of “Manifest Destiny,” a belief that our freedom, our greatness and power, are destined to go on increasing in stability and extent, by some strange necessity, even though the conditions upon which we hold them are forfeited. But the student has seen mighty nations—and magnificent cities—powerful dynasties, pass almost out of memory. Has traced the working of those secret causes, seemingly slight, which affected slowly, but surely, the downfall of governments, whose foundations were laid deep, and strong, and wide; whose power and splendor spread over the known world. Has marked the superiority of our own not perfect system, and learned to prize stability in governmental affairs as the one thing needful to national prosperity; to guard existing institutions jealously; to respect custom; to be tolerant toward unavoidable evils. Knowing how dangerous it is, rashly and ignorantly, to tamper with that which is so fragile in its nature, and with which so great interests are involved.

Again, men of cultivated, powerful, and discerning intellect, are necessary to carry on the work of Reform. “Conservatism has no more faithful friend; Radicalism no more deadly enemy, than a wise and judicious Reform. But Reformation is no work for an excited, head-strong mob. It must operate not on the “Guy Fawkes” principle, who would have blown

the Parliament to atoms with vaults of gunpowder; but after the manner of the "little leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." Ignorance is not favorable to order and Conservatism. The French despots thought so, and held down the people in ignorance and degradation. The dam was strong and solid; but the black and stagnant pool, finding no outlet, gradually, imperceptibly widened and deepened, till at length the whole massive structure was swept away by the resistless, rushing waters, and France was submerged in an ocean of horror.

A true Conservatism has no wish to diminish "one jot or one tittle" of our National Freedom, for Freedom is of all things most necessary to be conserved. It is the oldest principle we recognize. It came with our father's across the Atlantic; landed with them on Plymouth Rock; for it they bled and suffered, and gave it as a precious legacy to us, to hand down in turn to our descendents perfect and entire. But what is Freedom? It is not independence from social obligation. That which tends to develop the higher powers; to expand the intellectual capacities; to enlarge the sphere of thought and action, bestows a truer freedom than the mere removal of all restraint. Now one of our distinguished Political theorists thus defines Conservatism: "The Conservative principle of all societies is one. It is that which unfolds the higher faculties of man over its lower; which creates the rest of the physical without its enervation; and the activity of the spiritual upon objects beyond the reach of accident." Hence, it appears that the development of true Freedom is the aim of Conservatism. And for the advancement of the same ends with those above mentioned, our system of Collegiate Education was founded and is perpetuated.

Again. Ignorance is proud. Knowledge is humble. The more Knowledge one acquires, the more thoroughly is he convinced of his own short-sightedness and ignorance. The well-educated classes are not they who are most eager to destroy existing institutions and substitute for them plans of their own invention,

"But *Fools* rush in where angels fear to tread."

Educated men will not suffer themselves to be led about by those noisy utilitarian Radicalists, who, having seized upon a few commonplace principles, would govern the world by them, and making no allowance for the thousand items to be taken into the account, would work upon humanity as with a square and compass, and lead silly multitudes astray with their quadrangular Edens and schemes for mechanical regeneration.

Lastly. The general tendency of a Collegiate course is to develop a reverence for antiquity. The books in use among us are relics of by-gone ages. While mighty cities have crumbled into dust, while dynasties have passed away and been forgotten, while powerful nations have become memories, generation after generation have pondered those same pages, and given them down to us as inestimable, indestructible relics of antiquity. We lay again with Euclid its foundations of Science; hang upon the lips of Cicero; con the glowing pages which Lycurgus and Solon commanded to be read continually to the people; follow the subtle windings of the human soul with Socrates and Plato; or gather wisdom from the solemn warnings of the "old man eloquent," which were almost the salvation of Republican Athens. He who has imbibed knowledge from such sources as these cannot lightly sneer at the past.

The studies, the customs, even the sports, light and trivial as they may seem, have been many of them handed down from generation to generation for scores of years. They call to mind most vividly names which have become "household-words" among us. We move amid scenes which were familiar to Daggett and Sherman, and to Hale; find scrawled upon some old desk and title-page the name of Calhoun, of Kent, or of Clayton. New buildings have been erected, old ones rejuvenated; but we walk still beneath the same old Elms, that a hundred times have dropped their foliage in sadness as another Class went forth into the world, and we cluster still at the sound of the evening bell upon the Chapel steps, just as they clustered a hundred years ago, who grew gray in their country's service and long ago were gathered to their final rest. And we feel that after all our Colleges do embody something of antiquity, for they are mementos of our country's infancy. Wisely did our Puritan fathers, amid privation, discouragement, and opposition, lay the cornerstone of a College to perpetuate their name and their doctrines to future generations.

As amid wars and rumors of wars, dissension, anarchy, and confusion, which convulsed the world during the dark ages in monkish, scholastic seclusion, concealed 'mid carefully hoarded stores of antiquity was carefully preserved from destruction; so in this utilitarian, unromantic, "machine" age, the principles of pure Conservatism are preserved from utter extinction within our American Colleges. And while a thousand dangers are threatening our matchless form of government, and the world is looking on with interest for the result of the experiment, year by

year our Colleges are sending forth a host of trusty champions to defend our faith, our institutions, and our liberty, against Socialism, Abolitionism, Radicalism, and the thousand and one other "isms" which, thank God, find but slim foot-hold and few converts within our College walls. C. H. Z.

### Where are the Enemies of Truth?

THE idea that all things are controlled by antagonistic influences, is every day confirmed, is never denied, by our increasing knowledge of laws that govern the universe. We are able to discern that these agencies, though conflicting, arrive at harmonious results; that, between forces positive and negative, centripetal and centrifugal, nature establishes universal equilibrium.

But when we attempt to investigate the character and aim of forces that have been, or are, influencing the human race and its organizations, we find nothing determinate and resolute; for the lives of nations are but illustrations of God's eternal verities—means to attain ends unexplained to, and inexplicable by man. Conscious of native weakness, our sagacity dares not essay relief of perplexity. We only know that this principle of antagonism is ubiquitous and potent. We only see that the rise and decline of political structures are to be traced, like caravans over Eastern deserts, by the mouldered bodies of the dead. Like them, too, when the pursuing storm sweeps away all other vestige of their presence, these bleached memorials of suffering and misery remain, telling the oft-repeated story of an oft-reacted scene.

Physical force—that ready and effective logic of ambition and envy, tyranny and rebellion—has been suffered by these stern masters to relax. The reign of Numa, or the Golden Age of Augustus, can be forgotten never; for in their times alone, of all Rome's vicissitudes, the Temple of Janus was silent and deserted, and the dust left to gather on the imperatroy sacrifices of the state-warriors. So Europe, the birthplace of revolutions, and now shaken with the birth-throes of future ones, found time to rest the wearied muscle of her armies, and recruit exhausted finance, when Napoleon, and Francis, and the Russian Autocrat met to discuss alliance and friendship. But in that world where thoughts are sole forces, and minds are thrones and empires, the conflict has at no

time bustling; for the immortal flags not where the mortal faints in weariness; Stoic and Epicurean never were seen to stroll along the ways of Athens, reasoning with a concordant faith. The men of the Academe and they of the Stagyrice Grove ceased not an hour from contentious talk. And no less in Christian than in philosophic eras, has the world been agitated by the same great mind-wrestle, with but a single distinction, that in the old time, it was on either side vague in its tendencies. In the new time its results are directly good or positively bad. It has been, and is, the combat of old fallacies with their expositors; of old institutions with those radically purer and better; of old processes of thought with the innovations and revulsions consequent on experience and revelation. Bad habits, willfully maintained, or sluggish repose in the wrong and false, wrestling with or dragging down the efforts of great souls, have perpetuated the conflict. The position of the combatants has been always relatively the same. Error has armed itself for resistance; it has been in state of siege, defensive. Truth has equipped itself for attack, and made its attitude offensive. The one has been supported by authorities invoked; the other by enthusiasm, born of love for its glorious realities. The one has had all to lose; the other everything to gain. The one has come from battle, weakened of time, strengthened at no time; the other, like the fabled giant, has risen from earth after each discomfiture, endowed with ten-fold vigor for a fresh encounter. Motion, for the one, has resulted in retrogradation; for the other it has been irresistible advance—though sometime, to despairing human vision, that hopes to behold realized progress, it has seemed to repose. So the systems of worlds, wheeling their silent march through space, seem to the short-sighted spectator to be shining in motionless beauty.

The race is old enough, and is made like enough, to render it easy to determine who are the errorists, what and where the errors. The classes to which they may be assigned are singularly few. The swollen lists teach sad lessons and contain multiplied warnings.

Nations have been, and are, enemies to truth of government, of religion, of sciences; not always willful, more often stultified foes. They have been such, because old habits, as a sort of fortress, have enveloped them. Self-condemned to unfold no native power, prevented by ridiculous pride, or shameful cowardice, from imbibing external nutriment, they cease to desire improvement, and will not believe in a resultant excellence. Of true national life they have no conception; existence is to them not an actuality, but a lumbering dream and torpor. The huge,

sullen form is seen, but the principle of soul which animates has no manifestation. If they have a conviction that nations, enfranchised from like slavish lethargy, gain glory external and strength internal, they are not quickened to reform by it, but are scandalized at it. Conviction is unable to convince; and still fondly believing themselves exempt from the bonds of passion and illusion, are in fact slaves of prejudice. Giant paralytics, they would deny humanity the faculty of motion. Monstrous, blinded Cyclopes, they do declare that no sun shines, because no beams are shed upon their twilight path. The cannon and the sword are the only cures for the paralytic and the blind Polyphemus. The domestic history, the commercial and diplomatic relations of China and Japan prove the existence of this class of truth-enemies.

Moral judgment, or faith, depends upon the ultimate decisions of reason. Now, all reason resting not upon, and emanating not from, that center of truth which has been revealed in Christianity, is erring reason. And all faith, building itself on the revelations of such reason, is useless, nay, is dangerous. It interweaves the tendency to error with every fibre of the mental fabric, and struggling never so heroically in and through darkness toward its ideal right, is carried still farther from the center of truth. Through discolored mediums the mind may catch, indeed, glimpses of the truth real; but mocking phantasms haunt, strange syren sounds repel, and the substance is not to be separated from the shadow. If the mystery is followed, the follower receives no benefit, and does no good. Hindered by the primal misconception, hampered by the clogs of incorporated error, his faith is ruin, and brings ruin for their own time, for all time, ay, for eternity, to teacher and believer. It was this fundamental misconception which led the creeds of antiquity astray. It has reappeared more than once in modern sects. It every day deludes excellent people. The philosophies taught in the Groves, on the Areopagus, and in the Parthenon, had all the idea of some sovereign good, and referred man to some principle of truth; one which was somehow to strengthen life and stretch existence somewhere beyond the veil. But their perverted ideas, instead of rising to its lofty realities, sought to bring it down to themselves. They sullied its purity; for they mingled with it fantastic and coarse productions of the senses, mutilating its glorious proportions, and subjecting it to degrading habits. Their sovereign good created no expounder to tell, as Paul on Mars' Hill told, the purpose of effort demanded, or the use of constraint imposed. Men could bow only before the unknown. They could fight only for the pleasure of fighting, and be themselves witnesses of Passion's tournament. Equally

worthless are those Spartan and Roman virtues, so often recommended to our admiration. They were exercised in severe, laborious, oftentimes cruel struggles. There was never object to strive for or win, beyond the parsley wreath or the laurel crown. Their god-models were great heroes; but, humanly built, could they be other than finite gods? Fact it is, though sad, that humanity gravitates toward the defective. It is of its kind. The copyist mimics the characteristic deformities of the master with far greater perfectness than his characteristic beauties. Accordingly, when we find among these pagan exemplars some successors to Hercules and Theseus, the avengers of the oppressed and the destroyers of monsters, we can behold only Milo and his rivals displaying their vigor in Olympic games. Now, these aimless sacrifices do appear exceeding wonderful, but from our surprise, and not from their desert. "Of the earth, earthy," they shut out and keep out those real and true sacrifices which gain participation in eternal truth.

Potent indeed has Athens been for the æsthetic development of the world. Higher than any other of its kind, the civilization of her people. The wild phantasies of her poets, the acute formulæ of her philosophical teachers, the beautiful creations of her arts, were all, and are all of such value as hath neither measure nor limit. They have guided, pervaded, inspired, the aggregate intellect of Time. But that *Truth*, which glorifies sacrifice, transforming an endurer into the heroic martyr, making liberty something more than a flame on a Vestal altar, and death something nobler than an eternal sleep or an eternal debauch,—where was it? It was not found in the story of Alcestis' love; not in the tale of ruined, burning Troy; not in the battles of the Goddess-born; not in the wind sorcery of Promethean fortitude; not in the tearful admiration of Laocœon's agonies. Intellect was more than soul then. Individual will triumphed, where heart should have been supreme. The voice of Linia and Horeb, held no court at Delphi or on Helicon!

There are certain ones, in these latter times, guilty of rankest heresy. For other reason than they know no better, are they heretica. Hovering about the state, these seers-political and prophets clerical foretell falsities, though beholding with clear second-sight. Public oracles, they hear distinctly the monitions of the Genii within them, yet respond lies to inquiries around them. The still small voice may change to an active, stunning remonstrator, yet they heed it not; or heeding, they strive without weariness to stifle it. These men, so gloriously made for truth-defenders, from the pitifulest of vanities become truth-enemies. In those tangled



ways that diverge from the only path that can bring them to the truth, they walk consciously; unfaithful and treacherous,—liars in covert speech and overt act, that they may be deemed "original men," "master-minds," "thinkers of the people." The seven plagues did not devastate Egypt with a blight more withering than these the common mind and heart. To make their "worse appear the better reason," they yoke strange idea and stranger conclusion in astounding proximity. The rainbow tints attract and win the multitude, for they are noble and bold. While old truth, (*old* because from everlasting,) clearly deduced, grows colorless; honestly taught, becomes monotonous. Essayists and Historians garble records and misstate facts, that they may propound striking generalizations. Pleaders for religion ruin the cause they would serve, by bitter wrangles with their "brethren." Writers against religion fight their own convictions for a life time, to overthrow the right and build up socialistic sects to be called after their name. Popular writers wreath criminal and crime with flowing song, till popular morals are debased, and Virtue shrieks as if she herself were the evil doer. Oh! Locke and Voltaire, Hume and Macaulay; oh! learned divines whom I meet in daily walk; oh! Bulwer and Greeley, how much have ye to answer for! Knowledge is Power. More truly it is a power-mean that lends itself in active life to every kind of effect—subservient to evil as well as good. Ye who possess it, and use it, have a care! Proud to be exponents of your age, exulting that ye are standard-bearers to a watching, following people, let not your unpardonable sin be to change by want of address, imprudence, especially blind vanity, that knowledge which is Heaven's food, to your dependent brother's poison!

Another class of truth-enemies we find—enemies of the truth of Genius. They are not foes to the state-corporate or persecutors of the church-militant. Standing in the sanctuaries, they thank God they are not traitorous or excommunicate, and are of all humanity, the veritablest Pharisees. Holding, in an evil day, a species of sovereignty over literary or scientific departments, they will curse "the man of Arpinum" because he is not of their sect. Themselves not Angels, they would abolish the Host. Men of talent (as the phrase goes) are they; fair intellect have they; yet never reach 'the mountain tops of thought.' Midway, they grapple each Hyperion speeding upward, that they may equalize their own doom. Perchance they do gain the summit. Their pinnacle is a throne for but one monarch. Thus Themistocles tells lies of Aristides because he is "the just." Thus starveling reviewers blighted

with frost of undeserved shame the earliest flowers of Chatterton's genius, and made him a suicide. Thus did they with the sensitive John Keats. Somewhere they lauded Byron till he became the people's worship. After-while, like warriors, they worried him, till execrations made him an exile. The Royal Academy sneers at and shoots at "that yankee printer," who claims to have compelled the lightning. When, in the world's judgment, Franklin has begotten for himself immortality untaintable, it sends its bauble badge,—a poor balsam for the wounded Titan. These respectable defamers were wont to speak of certain great men, now, alas! no more, praisefully; yet all the while hypocritically deploring the misery of intellect in massive disproportion to moral qualities, until we were forced well nigh to think of Satan, Moloch, Belial, rather than of Webster, Calhoun, Clay! Respectable Vampyres! they would defame, even now, these hallowed memoirs of the nation, dared they do it. Courage only is wanting. It is the *great* scoundrel that is reckless. This recklessness fails them; and they haunt society—perfect ideals of malignant imbecility.

Such are the enemies of Truth. They are battling stoutly with strained muscle and weary brain. Yet steadily Truth progresses. Given in charge of Angels, their hands are bearing it up, unseen. Heroes are bleeding for it. Martyrs die in its defense. Into the realm of chaotic doubt, it is bearing that "First Law." It is everywhere unfolding subtilities to be comprehended *here*. It is teaching everywhere lessons whose full meaning shall be told *hereafter*. It is bending every affection and guiding all intellect to conformity with its will; yet forges no chains and imposes none. It is revealing not only the grand idea of perfection ultimate and infinite; but points to "the somehow" and the "somewhere." It is proclaiming equality of rights to be the basis of all justice; yet sweeps away no lawful restraint, inculcates no mad worship of Freedom. It is detaching mind from sense's thralldom, heart from passion's servitude; yet loses sight of no condition of human nature and keeps watch over every exigency. It is preserving the sacred communion of Surviving and Departed; yet grants no mysterious revelations and suffers no trust in mummeries of bigot or juggler. It covers the Tomb with emblems of Immortality; yet rebukes the wayward speculation of School-man and Deist. Is there need to say that this Truth, so strong and mysterious, and grasping, yet so gentle and simple, and all-containing, is Christianity?

Glorious, heroic, fruitful, can life be rendered if its possessors are but willing to become the Speakers and Doers of the Truth. Burdened with

errors, weary with wandering, let the soul take the Truth as the cloud in flight and the fiery pillar in darkness, and its footsteps shall be guided to the Eternal. Wrestling with its foes, the Truth shall make it free!

W. H. L. B.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### YALE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

#### NO. II.—"THE ATHENÆUM."

THIS paper was commenced on the 12th of Feb. 1814, by the Senior Class, whose "five" were the following:

WILLIAM B. CALHOUN, *Boston, Mass.*

DANIEL LORD, *New York City.*

GEORGE E. SPRUILL, *Tarborough, N. C.*

WILLIAM L. STORRS, *Middletown, Ct.*

LEONARD WITTINGTON, *Dorchester, Mass.*

Of these, Mr. Spruill died in Warren Co., N. C., in 1845. The others still live to enjoy the distinction of which their devotion to literature here was a harbinger. Hon. W. B. Calhoun resides at Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Lord, in New York; Judge Storrs, late Professor of Jurisprudence in this College, at Hartford; and Rev. Mr. Wittington, at Newburg, Mass.

As a copy of this work is accessible to students in the Society-libraries, we need not give a minute description of it. In general appearance it resembles its predecessor, "The Literary Cabinet," but contains a greater number and variety of topics, as will appear from the following index of prose-matter:

The Vagrant,	in 15 Nos.	Effect of Poverty on Men of Genius,
Novel-reading,	2 "	Fashion,
Prejudice,	2 "	Generosity,
Ancient and Modern Eloquence,		Honor,
Benevolence,		Milton,
Biography,		Miseries of College Life,
Criticism,		Originality,
Discouragements to a Life of Virtue,		Patterns of Character,
Disputatious Character,		The Lazy Club,
Eccentricity of Character,		Urbanity,
Eloquence,		Washington and Epanimondas.

Pliny furnishes the motto, "*Neque cinquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat,*"

and this with the following clause from the Prospectus, indicates no vain desire for display as to the origin of the enterprise. "The object of the work now offered to the public is the improvement of the students of this Seminary in the Art of writing." How large this public was we have no direct means of knowing, but the Editors seem to have thought it necessary to insist upon their freedom from mercenary motives—a thing which has not been required of late. They say, in nearly the language of the "Literary Cabinet," the parenthetical clause being added, "The Editors, in conducting this work, are actuated by no selfish motives. After all the expenses of the publication are defrayed, the profits (if any there be) are appropriated by a fixed resolve to the charitable assistance of students of this College." We know of no charitable fund now existing which dates its commencement at this enterprise.

We were interested in reading the "Vagrant" papers, and we transcribe the closing aspirations of the author, as follows: "I have thought it possible that some hundred years hence, on a rainy day, when the great grand-children of my fellow-students are rummaging about in the garret, they may find the papers of the Vagrant bound up with an old catalogue and a pamphlet of the College Laws. I have had the vanity to think that they might be more amused with my works than with either of the above productions. *Dear little younkers—they will hear more candor I suspect, than some of their progenitors.*"

The No. dated Aug. 6th, 1814, contains the following notice: "To subscribers. \* \* \* A Committee, chosen from the Senior Class of next year, propose to continue the paper if sufficient encouragement is given." Sufficient encouragement was not given.

#### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

At a meeting of the Brothers in Unity, Jan. 11th, the following Officers were chosen:

SAMUEL WALKER, *President.*  
J. W. WILSON, *Vice-President.*  
C. R. PALMER, *Secretary.*  
L. R. PACKARD, *Vice-Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Linonian Society, Dec. 14th, the following Officers were chosen:

W. W. GORDON, *President.*  
W. C. FLAGG, *Vice-President.*  
F. A. SEELY, *Secretary.*  
C. H. S. WILLIAMS, *Vice-Secretary.*

#### JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS, Dec. 21, 1853.

W. D. ALEXANDER, *Latin Oration.*  
G. A. KITTRIDGE, *Philosophical Oration.*  
GEORGE TALCOTT, *Greek Oration.*  
J. E. TODD, *Philosophical Oration.*

*First Orations.*

S. CHITTENDEN,	C. P. STETSON,
J. W. HARMAN,	P. H. WOODWARD,
J. L. MILLS,	W. C. WYMAN,
H. A. YARDLEY.	

*Orations.*

N. W. BUMSTEAD,	C. R. PALMER,
H. T. CHITTENDEN,	H. R. SLACK,
H. N. COBB,	O. M. SMITH,
W. M. GROSVENOR,	G. STUART,
THEODORE LYMAN,	L. H. TUCKER,
F. W. OSBORN,	C. M. TYLER,
W. WHEELER.	

*Dissertations.*

L. D. BREWSTER,	A. B. MILLER,
L. S. BRONSON,	W. L. MORRIS,
C. F. JOHNSON,	L. E. STANTON.

*First Disputes.*

J. B. ANDREWS,	H. W. JONES,
A. D. B. HUGHES,	J. K. MASON.

*Second Disputes.*

F. ALVORD,	G. T. McGEHEE,
J. H. ANKETELL,	G. T. PIERCE,
W. L. AVERY,	GILES POTTER,
C. G. CHILD,	R. POWERS,
E. CONE,	R. C. SHOEMAKER,
J. EDGAR,	P. F. WARNER,
A. B. FITCH,	W. T. WILSON.

*First Colloquies.*

W. H. L. BARNES,	E. CORNING,
L. A. BRADLEY,	G. A. DICKEYMAN,
G. BULKLEY,	M. B. EWING,
J. H. CASE,	D. L. HUNTINGTON,
C. D. CHRISTIE,	A. T. WATERMAN.

*Second Colloquies.*

W. F. CAUSEY,	F. A. SRELEY,
A. P. ROCKWELL,	A. J. WILLETS.

### Editor's Table.

DEAR READER—We are at length prepared to answer the vexed question, "When is the Yale Lit. coming out?" It is true that the bleak old month of December has been promoted into Brevet January; but Seniors must be busied with Townsends, and the lower classes with politics, and all with the holidays; so that it generally happens that few of us have begun the second term till it has been wellnigh spent. The reader, too, is not aware that the printer has been making extraordinary preparations for the issue of succeeding numbers, so that the devil, though *barking* as much as usual, has been out of *papyrus*. Speaking seriously, however, we owe our readers an apology for "not having called sooner."

While we are speaking seriously, we might premise that we cannot, like our brethren of the quill, draw interesting and appropriate illustrations from theology, or the science of medicine; nor do we condemn the art of punning as insignificant, nor quote poetry; but, conscious of an innocence that makes us modest, like Queen Catherine, we are "plain and blunt." We wish, then, to make a few "plain, blunt" remarks on College style. And first, in this subject, it is necessary to seek for the cause of that general stiffness which characterizes almost all our elaborate productions. It cannot arise from dogmatism, for this is rather an effect than a cause. No one in college fancies the authority of his personal opinions so great as to command assent by his simple assertion. The dogmatism, then, we think, arises from this stiffness. But what causes the stiffness? We think that it is in great part owing to the political nature of many of our societies, and in part, also, to the established system of *prize-writing*. No one, however experienced, can write so creditably when resolved to do his best. But he must write. If he has no style, he must borrow one. His hurried imitation is, of course, artificial, and his style, instead of being full of young spirit and ease, will be cold, and stiff, and chilly. This affectation of style, though too general, is an anomaly in college phenomena. Nowhere can we find a more easy or natural conversation than in college, among those, at least, who can truly be said to converse. In social intercourse there is a universal contempt for all affectation of depth or learning. But we are all too prone to examine superficially what is too deep, so that, in a great many instances, our compositions are nothing more than a compilation of maxims on some huge subject in politics or metaphysics. How much better would be our compositions, how much easier and more agreeable our style, if each would choose some subject adapted to his taste, or connected with his future profession, and write about it as though he never expected any one to see it! Every one could be sincere with himself. And here we may be allowed to recommend Maga as willing to be a public benefactor, though she sins too often herself. She is ever ready to encourage even those whose names she has never published.

But these strictures, though just, we think, are perhaps not entirely necessary from the present Board. We ought probably to mention that we have been highly favored with local and pointed contributions, at the same time urging this as "done in our own year." We do not find it necessary, as last year, to entitle a leading article, "A plain talk about the Lit." But it can never injure us to know

our faults. Speaking, however, of humorous contributions, we have lately been favored with one that highly delights us with the "titillation of merry cackination." We take the liberty of inserting it without further comment.

We love the titillation  
Of merry cackination,  
Which gusheth like a fountain  
'Mong rocks of the mountain.  
Man, rugged and rough,  
Of the "sterner stuff,"  
By this o'erwelling spring  
Becomes a fresh thing,  
All covered with mosses  
Instead of the drosses  
Of his "iron nature," rusted,  
With ill-nature crusted.  
Come, then, let us quaff  
At the fountain, and laugh.

As the election of our successors is rapidly approaching, we feel it to be a duty to offer a few remarks on the life peculiar to the editor. In looking over the Editor's Table of the first No. of the Yale Lit. we ever saw, when we were a Freshman, "*aver' ev' ye*"—the editor called for all the sympathy that the Christian or the benevolent man could feel. He compared his lot to all the kinds and degrees of toil unappreciated and misery imposed. He was a slave on a sugar plantation—he was a horse on a tread-mill—anything "for the effect." Now, the fact is that there are many little Evas by the way-side to console the unfortunate. The labors, too, are not so severe as to prevent many an agreeable chat, and many a hearty titillation of "merry cackination." We shall quaff to a judicious choice, and, hoping that no one will be chosen that is not zealously ambitious of the honor, we leave it to the aspirants and the politicians. The dignified editor has objected to puns, as "*puny*." It might be agreeable, if we had time, to show that many dignified individuals have chosen this method of "relaxing the tense muscles of their wit." But, *apropos* to this purpose, and, to save the reader the perforation of a separate folio, we submit the following:

MR. EDITOR.—It is generally supposed that Satan is the father of lies; but it may surprise some of the present generation of students to know that he is also the father of puns. Hear him, just before he opens his artillery upon the ranks of heaven:

"Heaven! witness thou anon, while we *discharge*  
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in *charge*, and *briefly touch*  
What we propound, and loud, that all may hear."

Par. Lost, B. IV.

Belial soon follows suit:

"Leader, the terms we sent were *full of weight*,  
Of *hard contents*, and full of force urged home;

Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
 And *stumbled* many : who receives them right  
 Had need from head to foot well *understand*;  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
 They show us when our foes walk not *upright*."

You have all read the loves of Hilpa and Shallum. You remember how, in boyhood, you roamed in fancy with these antediluvian lovers—could not realize the want of a post-office—sympathized with Shallum in the long suspense of years during which he heard not a word. But, though tradition or poetry has recorded much of these olden times, we venture to say that the following, from an "eye-witness of the great scene of disaster," will afford food for much greater reverie. Read, then, as though it were from Hilpa herself, the following, from the "Midletown Female Seminary," found in a roll of parchment in Persia :

DIARY OF SHEM'S WIFE IN THE ARK.

2nd month, 17th day.—This day the flood began, we having been in the Ark seven days, even as it was said, "For yet seven days and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights."

18th do.—Fed the animals for Shem, he being busy with other matters. It seems very strange to be shut up from the open air alone on the waters, with only our own family. Mother Noah feels rather depressed in spirits to-day, thinking of all her friends and relatives who are lost; as is also Mr. Noah and Japheth.

19th.—Mother Noah feels rather sea-sick, and I think I shall soon be down. To day the dog bit the pig's ear, from which there ensued a quarrel, and it was quite difficult for brother Ham to separate them.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have many things more that might be said on general topics, but we are like Montaigne with his cat—we suppose the reader will think us foolish for "losing time" with him. It is true that much time has been lost, but we are happy to state that we have not trodden heavily on the heels of our successor. His feet, however, are even now, "beautiful upon the mountains." We had intended to give the reader some rural sketches and rustic anecdotes—being "fresh from foreign travel," we might regale him, but we forbear.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The author of the stanzas "on the Comet" is earnestly advised to try again. His description, we think, is rather too much in detail, and, after searching for some time with all due diligence, we have even been unable to discover any *nucleus*, but only a misty *envelope*, very much thicker than ever known before. As his next subject we recommend "Xerxes chaining the Sea," or "Hannibal splitting the Rock and rending the Mountain."

It has been decided that "College Societies" shall not appear in the present No.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

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